December 3rd, 1796.

It has snowed for a day or two, and now freezes, and is delightful on the Boulevards. I went last night with Lord Malmesbury to see the famous satire upon the convention, called *Vlntiyieur d'un comite revolutionnaire,* at the Theatre de la Citg.[1] It is a very curious and extraordinary piece, which one can scarcely suppose would be tolerated. It has been stopped twice or thrice. Robespierre, Danton and others are taken off to the life, in action, voice, words and sentiments. The plot is nothing, but there are some witty hits; indeed, it turns the whole Revolution into ridicule, completely *a l'et, ımngaise.*

I yesterday visited the Blue Nuns. It seemed

[1] The following are the titles of some of the plays and *comic* operas most in vogue at this period, or, rather, a short time before:—Le Vous *et k* Toi, comic opera; *A bas le Calotte,* comedy; *Les accords de Phillipot et Pamela,* opera civico-matrimonico (this was a satire on the Duke d'Orleans and Madame de Genlis) ; *A qui sera pendu le Premier,* proverbe tragico-risible; *Le mille et uneme tour de Mane Antoinette; Les PrUres et Les Rois,* vaudeville; *Uinterieur d'un Manage Republicain ; Le Tombeau des Imposteurs,* sansculottade dramatique; *Les vrais sans culottes; Le Jugement dernier des*

Rois; La Guillotine d'Amour, &c., &c. The wit of the last piece depended upon a lover, who, on attempting to climb into the apartment of his mistress, was caught by the window falling upon his neck and holding him prisoner until the police came round and took him up as a thief. Windows made as in England are still called *a la guillotine.*